

The Musical World.

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THE ART-WORLD.

NEW ILLUSTRATED ART PAPER.

On SATURDAY, March 1, 1862, price FIVEPENCE (Stamped for Post SIXPENCE), No 1. of

THE ART-WORLD, AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITOR: a Weekly Illustrated Journal of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture Ornamental Art and Manufactures, Engraving, Photography, Poetry, Music, the Drama, &c. Edited by HENRY OTTLEY, assisted by Writers of Eminence in the various departments of art.

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This Journal will give a faithful report of all the productions and doings in the whole circle of the Fine and Decorative Arts—Original Articles upon the History of Art, and the Interests of Artists in their profession; Reviews of New Books relating to Art and Belles-Lettres; besides a summary of the proceedings of Artistic and Learned Societies, Art On-dits, Notes of Important Sales of Works of Art and Vertu, Correspondence, &c., copiously illustrated in a novel style.

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The contents of the International Exhibition of 1859, coming within the scope of Fine or Decorative Art, will be amply described and illustrated in THE ART-WORLD. Each Number of THE ART-WORLD will contain thirty-two handsome pages, printed in the best style upon paper of a fine quality.

Published by S. H. LINDLEY, at the Office, 19 Catherine Street, Strand, where communications for the Editor, Advertisements, &c., are to be addressed; and by KENT & Co., Paternoster Row.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY begs to announce that her MEETINGS for SINGING CONCERTED MUSIC (for Ladies only), will be held on every Monday and Thursday throughout the season. Particulars can be obtained at Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY's residence, where the meetings take place, 5 Upper Wimpole Street.

Mlle. GEORGI is now at liberty to Accept Engagements for Concerts, &c., &c.
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MISS LASCELLES has REMOVED to No. 8 York Street, Portman Square, W.

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MR. HENRY JOHN LINCOLN'S TWO LECTURES ON THE OPERATIC OVERTURE, from its origin to the present time. Marylebone Institution, 17 Edwards Street, Portman Square. Thursday Evenings, March 13th and 20th, at Eight o'Clock. The Illustrations to be rendered as duets, on two of Broadwood's Grand Pianos, by Mr. H. J. LINCOLN and Mr. ADOLPH RIES. Tickets, 1s., 2s. and 3s. for each Lecture, at the Institution, and at the principal Musiciansellers.

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MR. VIOTTI COOPER (Tenor) will Sing at Gravesend, March 11th, and at Sittingbourne, March 19th.

MR. DEACON begs to announce THREE SEANCES OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, to take place at 16 Grosvenor Street, W. (by the kind permission of Messrs. Collard), on the Mornings of Tuesday, March 25th, and April 8th, and Monday, May 26th, commencing at three o'clock. Executants: Violin, M. SAINTON, Mr. CLEMENTI and Mr. CORONOUS; Viola, Mr. H. WEBB; Violoncello, Sig. PEZZE; Contrabasso, Mr. C. SEVERN; Pianoforte, Mr. DEACON.

Tickets, for the Series, One Guinea; for a Single Séance, Half-a-Guinea; to Admit Three to a Single Séance, One Guinea; to be had of Mr. R. W. Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street, W.; or of Mr. Deacon, 72 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—FIRST CONCERT, on MONDAY, March 10, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Jubilee Overture (Weber); Concerto in A minor, Violin, HERR JOACHIM (Viotti); Sinfonia, Eroica (Beethoven); Overture (Schumann); Solo, Violin HERR JOACHIM; Overture, Fanciulla (Cherubini); Vocalists, MAD. GUERRABELLA and MISS LASCELLES. Conductor Professor STERNDALE BENNETT.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The First CONCERT by the Students (Season 1862) will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday, March 15th. To commence at Two o'clock.

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NEW SONG BY CLARIBEL.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY, PRICE 3s.

"Five o'Clock in the Morning."

BALLAD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY CLARIBEL,

AUTHOR OF "JANET'S CHOICE," &c.

The Dew lay glitt'ring o'er the grass,
A mist lay over the brook;
At the earliest beam of the golden sun
The swallow her nest forsook.
The snowy blooms of the hawthorn tree
Lay thickly the ground adorning,
The birds were singing in ev'ry bush
At five o'clock in the morning.

And Bessie the milk-maid merrily sang,—
For the meadows were fresh and fair,
The breeze of the morning kiss'd her brow,
And played with her nut-brown hair.
But oft she turn'd and look'd around,
As if the silence scoring:
'Twas time for the mower to wet his scythe
At five o'clock in the morning.

And over the meadows the mowers came,
And merry their voices rang,
And one among them wended his way
To where the milk-maid sang.
And as he linger'd by her side,
Despite her comrade's warning,—
The old, old story was told again
At five o'clock in the morning.

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MYDDLETON HALL, ISLINGTON.—A concert, of more than ordinary
attraction, was given at the above hall to a crowded audience, on Tues-
day evening, by Mr. Frederick Walker, of St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr.
Walker was assisted by Miss Annie Walker, Miss Frances Wilton,
Miss Julia Elton, and Mrs. Winn; Messrs. T. Distin, Fielding, W.
Selwyn, and Wain, who all exerted themselves to the best of their
abilities. Miss Julia Elton's pleasing *contralto* was heard to great
advantage in M. Randegger's charming serenade, "Sleep, dearest, sleep,"
which won the first encore of the evening. Miss Frances Wilton was
also deservedly encored in "Erani involami," and Miss Annie Walker
in "The beating of my own heart" (Macfarren), which she gave with
much taste. Mr. Fred. Walker afforded much pleasure by the artistic
manner in which he rendered "My heart's first home," from Wallace's
Lurline, which he had to repeat. Messrs. Fielding, Distin, and Winn
were also each encored in a song. Miss Emilie Koppers, a young pupil
of Mr. Hallé, made her first appearance on this occasion, and created a
very favourable impression by her clever performances on the pianoforte.
Signor Alberto Randegger was conductor.

Reviews.

"Grand March of the 1st Middlesex Artillery, Volunteers"—by Mrs. HENRY CREED (Rudall, Rose & Carte)—may pass muster creditably among the thousand and one "good marches" which the Volunteer movement has suggested.

Nos. 13 to 17 (inclusive) of "*W. H. Birch's Vocal Minstrelsy Miscellany*" (W. H. BIRCH) include a four-voiced arrangement of Shield's "Chanticleer;" Spofforth's glee, "The pleasant Spring is flown," newly arranged by the editor; "Bonnie Dundee," harmonized for four voices; one of Mendelssohn's *Songs without words*—



adapted by the editor for five voices; and a four-part song, "Sweet Nightingale," from Mr. Birch's own pen, with accompaniment *obbligato* for flute or concertina. Mendelssohn's *Lied* is treated in the most unceremonious manner. The whole of the beautiful dominant pedal (D), upon which the theme is resumed, in a manner so peculiar to the composer, is abandoned for a simple repetition of the first four bars; half of bar 27 and half of bar 28—



are omitted; and in place of the closing symphony, or *ritornelle*, which in Mendelssohn is identical with the opening, we have a repetition of the first eight bars of the song, with an additional chord which is not Mendelssohn's:—



Mendelssohn having written it thus:—



Our sincere recommendation to Mr. Birch is, to commit the plates of this parody of a beautiful original to the melting pot, and the existing copies to the flames. Such desecra-

tions are utterly unpardonable. No one has a right to make that pass for Mendelssohn which is not Mendelssohn—*pas même M. Birch.*

"*The Philharmonic Society of London; from its foundation, 1813, to the fiftieth year, 1862.*" By GEORGE HOGARTH (Bradbury & Evans).

The object of this little book is to present the public with a brief memoir of the Philharmonic Society from its origin to our own times. To write such a work, no one is better qualified than Mr. George Hogarth, since he not only witnessed the career of the Society from an early period, and has officiated for many years as its Secretary, but he is emphatically one of our most accomplished critics and one of the soundest judges living of the musical art. Our only regret is that Mr. Hogarth, instead of furnishing a mere sketch, should not have given to the world, as he was so well able to do a more comprehensive work, containing his own views on all the concurrent events of the various epochs to which he alludes. But, although neither lengthy nor elaborate, the little history is replete with interesting details, touched off in the neatest and clearest manner possible. Take, for instance, the account of the last days of Beethoven, which we publish in *extenso*:—

"Beethoven died at Vienna, on the 26th of March, 1827, after an illness of several months' duration, attended with dreadful sufferings,—sufferings aggravated by the fear of impending destitution which haunted his mind. Under the influence of this feeling, he applied, through the medium of his friend, Mr. Stumpff, the harp manufacturer in Great Portland Street (a gentleman well known for his musical enthusiasm), and Mr. Moscheles, to the Philharmonic Society, requesting that society to give a concert for his benefit. A special general meeting, for the consideration of this request, was held on the 28th of February; and it was unanimously resolved, 'that the sum of one hundred pounds be sent, through the hands of Mr. Moscheles, to some confidential friend of Beethoven, to be applied to his comforts and necessities during his illness.' The money was instantly remitted; and its receipt was acknowledged by Beethoven himself, in an interesting letter, addressed to Mr. Moscheles, and dated the 18th day of March, eight days before his death."

The letter is quoted in the book, but is too long for extract. Mr Hogarth continues:—

"Beethoven's spirits were greatly revived by the arrival of the Society's remittance. He said cheerfully to his friends about him, 'Now we may again treat ourselves occasionally to a merry day; and desired to indulge in the luxury of a dish of fish that he was fond of. But, though the illustrious musician died in circumstances of neglect and penury, which will ever reflect disgrace upon his country, and especially of the great and wealthy capital in which he had spent almost the whole of his life, yet he was not in the state of absolute want which he had morbidly imagined. When the inventory of his effects came to be taken after his death, there were found, among some papers in an old decayed chest, Austrian bank bills to the value of about a thousand pounds in English money, with some hundred florins in paper money, besides the one hundred pounds sent by the Philharmonic Society, which remained untouched. This discovery made no small noise in Vienna; and the public were, or affected to be, much hurt at Beethoven's having applied for assistance of which he did not stand in need, and, what was worse, having applied to strangers in London instead of his friends and admirers in Vienna, by whom every necessary aid would have been promptly bestowed. But such clamours were idle and ridiculous. Beethoven, if not absolutely penniless, was miserably poor. It was well known to his illustrious patrons and his numerous friends and admirers, that he had for years been living in penury and denying himself the common comforts of life. And what, after all, did the accumulated savings of this life of poverty and privation amount to? The magnificent sum of eleven or twelve hundred pounds sterling, yielding the ample revenue of thirty or forty pounds a year! No wonder that Beethoven, only turned of fifty, with the probability of many years of life, and yet disabled from labour, looked with dread upon the prospect of destitution: he might have done so even if his mind had not been enfeebled by disease. As to his applying to foreigners in London in preference to

his friends and countrymen in Vienna, his doing so only showed the estimate he had been taught, by sad and life-long experience, to form of the value of their friendship."

In the same natural and easy manner, Mr. Hogarth gives an account of Spohr's first visit to London, as well as that of Mendelssohn, dwelling on the latter with especial interest. As both Spohr and Mendelssohn were for years, at separate periods, intimately associated with the Old Philharmonic, several pages are taken up with a narrative of the connection of each of them with the society, the works produced, and the manner of their reception. The first appearance of all the celebrated singers and players from 1813 is noted, with passing comments on their merits, and a word or two given to particular events, with dates attached. The little work, in short, is a valuable book of reference which no student or critic should be without, and, being useful as well as interesting, may be commended unconditionally. Moreover, it is printed and got up with more than usual neatness, the covers being of crimson cloth with gold letters and the edges gilt,—an elegant little volume indeed for a drawing-room table.

"*Marguerite au Rouet*"—caprice pour piano—by MARTIN LAZARE (Chappell & Co.)

But for a certain monotony, arising from the too continuous employment of triplet arpeggios, this little piece would be as irreproachable as it is graceful and pretty. The tranquil episode in B minor affords a charming relief, and might have been, we think, again alluded to before the end of the piece. Criticism apart, however, *Marguerite au Rouet* is so good that we hope its composer, M. Martin de Lazare, will persevere and do something better.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

AUGENER AND CO.				
RAHLES (Dr. Ferdinand)	"Fantaisie Arabesque"	(Pianoforte).
Ditto	"Galop Ideal"	(ditto).
Ditto	"Arabella"	(ditto).
ASHDOWN AND PARRY.				
BANISTER (H. C.)	"La Gondolella"	(ditto).
Ditto	"Coralie"	(ditto).
CRAMER (W. O.)	"La Grâce"	(ditto).
FORBES (George)	"Edith"	(ditto).
GOLLMICH (Adolph)	"Elfin Revels"	(ditto).
Ditto	"Diana"	(ditto).
GOODMAN (H. W.)	"Rosalie"	(ditto).
SPRENGER (Jules)	"Sous le Balcon"	(ditto).
Ditto	"Invitation à la Polka"	(ditto).
ROBERT COCKS AND CO.				
FAYARGER (E. F.)	"Lillian"	(ditto).
Ditto	"Gently"	(ditto).
RICHARDS (Brinley)	"Welsh Fantasias"	(ditto).
CHAPPELL AND CO.				
WILSON (John)	"Valse Brillante"	(ditto).
J. H. JEWELL.				
HOPK (Owen)	"Constancy"	(Vocal).
NOVELLO.				
LANGRAN (James)	"Abide with me"	(ditto).
OETZMANN AND CO.				
HADARZEWSKA (T.)	"Carrollings at Morn"	(Pianoforte).
RODER (Leipzig.)				
BARRY (W. V.)	"Select Compositions"	(ditto).
Ditto	"Ditto"	(Vocal).
J. WILLIAMS.				
ATKINSON (F. C.)	Six Secular Songs, No. 1	(ditto).

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE recent revival of Weber's *Euryanthe* at the Royal Opera House, after the score had been allowed to lie so long on the shelves of the library of the establishment, was a most interesting event. The well-known strains fell upon the ear like the voice of some dear friend, who returns, after years of absence, to his old haunts and the companions of

his youth. In the eyes of a large number of Germans, moreover, *Euryanthe* possesses more than ordinary attraction, since, besides being a monument of musical power, they consider it the best thing, in the dramatic way, that its composer achieved. They think it superior both to *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz*. The revival was worthy of the Royal Opera House, and, what is much more, of the composer himself. Mad. Harriers-Wippen sustained the part of Euryanthe with a freshness of voice and a warmth of feeling which were perfectly enchanting. The character and music suit her capably, and, after a few more performances, her impersonation may, with due care—which she will doubtless bestow on it—defy even the sternest and most uncompromising critic. In *Eglantine*, Mad. Köster achieved a triumph both as an artist and—a woman. As an artist she deserves the greatest praise for having presented us with a worthy pendant to her *Fidelio*—powerful, grandiose and highly touching. She was especially good in the last act, and, in my opinion, fully equal, if not superior, to Mad. Jachmann-Wagner in the same character, which, as you are aware, was one of that lady's finest impersonations. When Mad. Jachmann-Wagner bade adieu to the operatic stage, her admirers asked despondingly who was to replace her as *Eglantine*. Mad. Köster must, by this time, have satisfied their minds on this point, and afforded them a convincing proof of the truth contained in the old proverb which tells us: "There are as good fish in the sea as e'er came out of it." As a woman, Mad. Köster has shown she is above all petty jealousy and vanity, by having consented to give up the first part, that of Euryanthe, in which she so long delighted the public, to a younger artist. Oh! that all *prime donne* would follow so excellent an example! We should be frequently spared the painful sight of a once great *cantatrice*, the wreck of her former self, exciting only pity where she once commanded admiration. Herr Theodor Formes and Herr Krause were all that could be desired as Adolar and Lysiart, respectively. The latter gentleman gave the difficult number: "Wo berg' ich mich?" in an unusually brilliant manner. The choruses went "like one man," while the orchestra, under the guidance of Herr Taubert, fully contributed their share to the success of the revival.

Mlle. Lucca has bid us adieu for a short time to take her regular congé. She has gone to Prague. The part selected for her last appearance was that of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. She was much applauded, and, after the magnificent fourth act, both she and Herr Formes were recalled.

To leave the Opera House for the Theatre Royal, I must inform you that the drama of *Struensee* was represented the other evening, at the latter establishment, with Meyerbeer's genial music, before a numerous audience. It was certainly a great treat, but still one not without certain drawbacks, and those, too, of no trifling importance. You must know that, on such occasions, the band of the Opera House are transported to the Theatre Royal, which is by no means calculated for their accommodation. In the first place the orchestra is too small, and one result of this is that the musicians are very badly distributed, especially the gentlemen with the brass instruments. Then the acoustic qualities of the house are highly unfavourable to a full band, which is far too strong for the size of the building, while, lastly, the utmost annoyance is occasioned by a certain class of spectators, who fancy that when music is played outside the walls of the Opera House they have a perfect right to indulge in conversation, to the infinite disgust of those persons who believe that music is music even in the Theatre Royal. For all these reasons, I certainly think it would be a step in the right direction, if, in future, *Struensee* were given at the Opera House. Every one, even including that most important official in theatrical speculations, the Treasurer, would be a gainer, for then nobody would be unable to procure a seat, as was the case the other evening at the Theatre Royal. Those who did obtain admission, however, were delighted with the entertainment, despite the obstacles, already mentioned, to its success. Even the inveterate babblers, to whom I have referred, applauded, although they had not, perhaps, heard a note. By the way, why should we not transplant this splendid music to the concert-room, for which it is admirably adapted? *N.B.*—A hint for concert-givers.

A grand concert in aid of the funds for building a German Fleet has been given in the Opera House, under the direction of Herr Taubert. The members of the various Berlin small choral associations, amounting to some 1500 individuals, lent their assistance in carrying out the patriotic object, but I am afraid it will be some time before that object is attained, by the assistance and through the instrumentality of music at least. To every excited advocate of Teutonic maritime supremacy, who fancies he will soon behold the men-of-war of his beloved Fatherland proudly riding upon the more or less foam-crested billows, I fear that a very appropriate answer, for years to come, may be given by parodying the very matter-of-fact gentleman's words in *The Critic*, thus:—

"The German Fleet thou canst not see, because—
It is not yet in sight!"

It is true that the galleries were crammed, but the pit was far from full, and the dress boxes were deserted, although it was perfectly well known that their Majesties, attended, of course, by the usual swarm of uniformed, be-sabred, be-ribboned, and be-starred officials, without which German majesties can never move, would honour the concert with their presence. The programme was mostly composed of the most popular compositions for male voices, the majority of the said compositions being unanimously encored. The principal novelty was a "Matrosenlied," which I may inform those of your readers not versed in the language of Goethe, means—as they will not, perhaps, considering the circumstances, be very astonished to learn—a "Sailor's Song," the production of Herr Taubert. It is fresh, vigorous, and simple, and will, doubtless, be sung at concerts innumerable, whether given or not given in aid of the funds for the construction of a German Fleet. The singing of the various associations was first-rate. The solos were undertaken by Mad. Köster and Mlle. De Ahna. The scene that had been "set" for the occasion was "maritimey," or pertaining to the ocean, and the triumphs to be achieved thereon by German prowess. This was a piece of attention on the part of the management, and, as far as it went, was all very well. But why have stopped here? Why not have carried out still further the oceanic idea, and have dressed the 1500 choral amateurs as well as Herr Taubert and his orchestra, as Prussian sailors, instead of allowing them to appear in the black tail-coat and ditto continuations of lubberly landmen? The audience might then have fancied that they beheld the crews destined to man the German Fleet—when it is built—and which crews it may, peradventure, be rather difficult to find. However, "Al freir de los huevos, se verá," as the Spaniard says, "When the eggs are fried, we shall see;" a proverb equivalent, as the intelligent reader may have surmised, to our English saying, "We shall see what we shall see," so distinguished for its grand, irrefragable and simple truth, and only to be equalled, in that particular, by the showman's celebrated invitation of, "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen; six more make half-a-dozen." In the present instance, however, I think I prefer the Iberian mode of formulating the thought, for eggs may be broken before the omelette is consummated, and projects wrecked ere vessels are built. By the way, the members of the various associations have presented Herr Taubert with a silver goblet, in return for his valuable exertions in getting up and conducting the concert.

At the last concert of Stern's Gesangverein we had Haydn's *Seasons*, which, considering its importance, is given far too seldom. The performance was in every respect satisfactory. The solos were entrusted to Herr Krause, Herr Otto, and Malle. Strahl. This young lady filled the place of Mad. Bürde-Ney, who was expected, but did not arrive in time.

As I informed you in my last letter, Herr Liebig devoted the greatest portion of the programme of his fifth soirée for Classical Orchestral Music to celebrate the anniversary of Mozart's birth. Between the overture to the *Zauberflöte* and the "Jupiter Symphony," Beethoven's Septet and Rietz's "Festival Overture" were played. I do not think much of the latter production, any more than of a so-called "Heroic Overture" by Herr Fischer, which, with the exception of the name, a good deal of kettle-drumming, and a respectable amount of trumpeting, has—to my mind, at least—nothing heroic about it.

The second Soirée of the Royal Dom-Chor was a highly interesting one, the vocal pieces being agreeably varied by the pianoforte-playing of Herr Schwantzer.

Herr G. Vierling has received a diploma as honorary member of the Netherlands Association for the Promotion of Music. This gentleman was, also, named, some time since, an honorary member of the Mozarteum in Salzburg.

VALE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The *Merchant of Venice* was performed on Tuesday night for the first time during Mr. Charles King's present engagement. Shylock has long stood high among his finest characters, and during his management of the Princess's the play, produced with superb Venetian scenery, was one of his famous "revivals." In his representation of the Jew he displays all the cunning and vindictiveness which the most superficial student connects with the part, but his chief peculiarity consists in the revelation of those less obtruded feelings which show that Shylock—Shylock though he be—is one of the large family of mankind. The value he sets on the turquois, because he had it of Leah, when he was a bachelor, is expressed with exquisite pathos; and when, at the end of the first act, he retreats from the court, there is such a depth of sorrow in his humiliation that one is almost inclined to wish that Portia had been somewhat less exacting, and had allowed the Jew to make a reasonable compromise. The futile attempts of the Princes of Morocco and Arragon to win the hand of Portia, which are omitted in the ordinary acting editions of the play, but were restored at the

Princess's, are retained at Drury Lane. The practical use of these subordinate characters is to increase the value of Portia, the serious side of whose character is by the usual arrangement only exhibited in the celebrated eulogium of mercy. This eulogium is exquisitely delivered by Mrs. Kean, and in the scenes with the unfortunate suitors she depicts in most eloquent by-play her fears that she will be forced to take for her husband a man on whom she cannot bestow her affections. The play is now pretty equally divided between Shylock and Portia, and the two eminent artists both display their talents to the utmost.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On Monday night Mr. Fechter reappeared, after an absence of several weeks, in the tragedy of *Othello*, and was loudly greeted by a numerous audience. The tragedy was revived with those peculiarities of costume and stage arrangement which were first introduced when Mr. Fechter played the Moor, and were supposed to embody his notion as to the proper mode in which it should be represented; but it was so far a novelty that the Parisian artist played, not *Othello*, but *Iago*. Here, then, we have a third Shakspearian attempt on the part of an actor who, from the date of his first appearance, has more or less fixed the attention of the public. The *Iago* of Mr. Fechter is marked by that disregard for tradition, which he has almost laid down as the *sine qua non* for the attainment of histrionic excellence, and it is certainly such an *Iago* as never was seen before. Generally, the crafty "ancient" steps forward with villany deeply imprinted on his countenance, and he is now and then sublimed into a sort of Mephistopheles. But Mr. Fechter takes his cue from the circumstance that, in the eyes of the inexperienced, *Iago* stands in high repute for "honesty," and, with his wonted logic, he arrives at the conclusion that public opinion could scarcely have been so favourable towards obtrusive villany. His manner of address is the very perfection of bland good-humour; he has not even recourse to the common expedient of overlaying knavery with a rough semblance of uncouth and untutored candour. His villainy lies so far beneath the surface that, in the earlier scenes, one feels doubtful whether *Iago* will ever rise into a marked character, or whether he will remain a pleasant hero of light comedy. But an amount of malice and vindictiveness peeps out in his soliloquies that prepares the mind for more practical manifestations, and the observer, previously inattentive, is allured to watch his by-play, which is subtle in the highest degree. Mr. Fechter's *Iago* fully carries out Talleyrand's theory respecting the use of language; it is not when he speaks, but when he is silent, that he most reveals his true nature. He is evidently a man who has laid down a broad scheme, in which his faculties are wholly absorbed, and a stray smile or a quick glance betokens his opinion as to the effect of circumstances on his darling project. He is ever on the watch, yet none save the audience can detect this quiet activity. In the great third act his qualities, of course, become more pronounced—his glance is more keen, his smile is more triumphant, and the spectator may profitably observe the accuracy with which he adjusts his facial expression to the progress of his machinations; but he is careful to show that the audience alone are his confidants. To *Othello* himself he is ever a benignant being, who raises his voice against extreme measures, his manner becoming more soothing as the tempest he has raised increases in violence. Mr. Ryder, who was the *Iago* to Mr. Fechter's *Othello*, is the *Othello* to Mr. Fechter's *Iago*. In both positions he does himself great credit, and the manly grief which he occasionally exhibits excites in no small degree the sympathies of the public.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The announcement of a "new and original drama," in five acts, by Mr. D. Boucicault, entitled the *Life of an Actress*, attracted a large audience to the Adelphi on Saturday last, while there was a further aliment to curiosity in the fact that the author himself had played Grimaldi, the principal character, with great success in the United States, where it was considered one of his best parts. As Miles-na-Coppaleen in the *Colleen Bawn*, he had not only achieved the immortal "header," but he had proved that at least in one department of characteristic delineation he was an artist of no common order, and it will be long before the scene with Father Tom is forgotten as a specimen of genuine Irish humour. The Yankee in the *Octoroon* did not stand quite so high as his Milesian predecessor, but still he served to show that Mr. Boucicault possessed in a high degree the faculty, rare even among accomplished actors, of completely sinking his own personal peculiarities and rendering himself the living portrait of the person to be represented, without confining himself to any particular type. The best informed among the audience on Saturday were aware that in the new piece he was about to play an old Frenchman, in a manner already pronounced excellent in another quarter of the globe; and certainly an efficient performance of an Irishman, a Yankee, and a Frenchman would be no mean demonstration of versatility. Whatever expectations may have been raised as to Mr. Boucicault's ability to undergo this new test of his comprehensiveness, they could not have

been disappointed, for his delineation of the old Frenchman in reduced circumstances, with all those peculiarities which are generally associated with *Le Père de la Débutante* (the *First Night* of Mr. Alfred Wigan), is as finished a piece of histrionic workmanship as one would wish to see. In the figure presented to the eye there is not the slightest trace of Miles-na-Coppaleen or of Mr. Boucicault himself. He is completely the old foreigner, with scanty hair and wrinkled face, almost decrepit in body, but thoroughly juvenile in feeling, alternately obsequious and passionate, and able to drop on occasion from a transport of wrath to a bow of sarcastic humility. All sorts of positions are devised to render the old man's qualities conspicuous. He has adopted a female ballad singer, and lavishes upon her all the attention that the "*père de la débutante*" bestows upon his own child. Equipped in an apron, he prepares her breakfast, cooking an omelette before the audience, and tossing it in a pan with a little shriek of satisfaction, as he sees it perform the requisite revolution. He sings an Italian air to the guitar with the feeblest of voices and tenderest expression; he launches out into a vehement imitation of Mlle. Rachel, when he instructs his protégée how she is to play Camille in an English version of *Les Horacees*. When at last she comes out at a provincial theatre he is shown behind the scenes in an agony of anxiety as to the result of her debut, which turns into a frenzy of delight when the applause of the audience assures him that her triumph is complete.

The drama is so essentially a piece of one character, and the character is so admirably portrayed by Mr. Boucicault, that we almost regret its extension into a play of serious interest, interspersed with melodramatic situations. The interest of the audience reached its culminating point in the third act, when the back of the stage on the evening of the famous "*début*" is represented, and the whole of the company, save an eclipsed "*star*" (capitally played by Mrs. Billington), sympathises with the joy of the adoptive father. The drop scene of the third act fell amid enthusiastic applause, but all that followed might be considered an anticlimax. In the fourth act the actress has been carried off by a villain of the Lovelace breed to a lonely manor-house, and is rescued by Grimaldi and a young lord, who regards her with an honourable love, and wounds the Lovelace in a duel. In the fifth act she is established as a London "*star*," and is, moreover, privately married to her honourable admirer. The discovery of this latter fact greatly exasperates the young gentleman's mother, an austere countess, but she relents when Grimaldi, once, it appears, a Neapolitan duke, makes her remember that, humble as he looks at present, he was her lover in early youth, and she affectionately joins the hands of the young couple, feeling, probably, that excessive light might slightly singe her reputation. The applause was general at the fall of the curtain, but the extreme delight manifested at the end of the third act was somewhat damped by the expedients of the unscrupulous seducer, and the abruptness of the termination. A little condensing and a little softening will doubtless prove beneficial. The actress whose "*life*" is recorded from her lowly beginning as an itinerant ballad-singer to her elevation as a London "*star*" is played with much pathos by Mrs. Boucicault; Mr. Emery does his best with the deliberate villain; Mr. Billington, as usual, represents the interesting lover; Mr. Toole is amusing as a melancholy low comedian, consumed by a hopeless passion for the young actress; and Mr. Sefton capitally represents a drawing fop of the Dundreary type. But it is on the character of Grimaldi, and its thorough elaboration by Mr. Boucicault, that the attraction of the piece depends, and the talent he displays in an entirely new line is likely to cause a considerable sensation. Our readers must not suspect we have made a slip in calling a Neapolitan duke a Frenchman. For all practical purposes Grimaldi is thoroughly French,—when his English fails him he drops into French as his vernacular; and we have every reason to believe that long absence from his native land has caused him to lose the trace of his Italian origin.

HERR PAUER'S PIANOFORTE CONCERTS.—Herr Pauer is steadily accomplishing the task which, with honourable ambition, he has set himself. Already five concerts out of the projected six have been held; and now that they are drawing to a close Willis's large music-room is scarcely capacious enough to accommodate the amateurs desirous of attending them. Probably this unexpected overflow may lead to a second series; and if so, by entirely changing his programmes, Herr Pauer will be able to convey a more satisfactory because a more comprehensive idea of his plan. He will be able, in addition, to give a fairer notion of certain composers, sufficiently distinguished in their way, to whom, in an abstract sense, the arts of pianoforte playing and of pianoforte composition are perhaps even more indebted than to the men of original and independent musical genius. Beethoven, for example, the chief and centre of these, very frequently treated the piano as a slave, fit only to obey his despotic will, and to communicate his thoughts to the world, whether suited or not to the powers of utterance most natural and individual to the instrument. The specimen of this composer introduced by Herr

Pauer at his third concert—the *Thirty-two Variations on an Original Theme* (in C minor)—is certainly indicative of his wayward and fitful genius, but hardly calculated to show off to advantage the idiosyncratic peculiarities of the "*key-board*." One of the earlier sonatas (instance Op. 13, 22, 26, or 28), where not only the brilliant effects depending upon the application of a crisp and ready touch to an accommodating "*action*" on the part of the instrument (exemplified more or less emphatically since the pianoforte first set aside the harpsichord), but also the singing power from which is derived what musicians term "*legato*"—a salient characteristic of the modern piano, and the principal source of grace and variety of expression—are equally brought into request, would, we think, have better served the purpose. To combine freedom of action with full, and what may be designated "*plastic*" tone, in the greatest possible perfection, is now the first aim of the most eminent manufacturers, who would willingly have their instruments yield with uniform complacency to the spreading "*arpeggio*" of Thalberg, the elaborate counterpoint of J. S. Bach, the fluent melody of Mozart, the deep and expressive harmony of Beethoven, and the supple "*scherzo*" of Mendelssohn. Much has been obtained, if something still be wanting. Could Handel and Bach hear their "*Suites*" on a pianoforte of the present day they would unquestionably feel astonished; but that they would, without a moment's hesitation, set aside, thenceforth and for ever, the harpsichord, in favour of its richer and more ductile successor, scarcely admits of a doubt. In his specimen of Dussek (at the fourth concert) Herr Pauer was decidedly happy. The sonata in F minor (Op. 77) not merely exhibits all the peculiarities of that remarkable composer, in his full maturity (*L'Invocation* was his last important work), but serves to display the various capabilities of the pianoforte, upon which Dussek was the most eminent performer of his day, to perfection. So with Clementi's sonata in D (which has been compared with Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale* in the same key)—a vigorous example of his manner; and the *Presto Scherzando* in F sharp, one of the most imaginative of the numerous family of Mendelssohnian "*scherzi*"—introduced respectively at the second and fourth concerts. In almost every instance the earlier specimens presented by Herr Pauer, every school included, have been fortunate. The sonatas of Galuppi and Paradisi (at the second concert) merit especial notice. Such music, although emanating from composers of the second rank, is assuredly worth revival.

At the fifth concert (on Saturday), Herr Pauer gave some interesting examples of the English school. John Bull, Orlando Gibbons, and Purcell may be passed over—inasmuch as, though their names look very tempting in a programme, they really had, substantially, nothing to do with the matter which the eager and well-informed German pianist has under consideration. If not one of the three had existed the pianoforte would have been, at this precise epoch, exactly where it stands. Dr. Arne, too—while his sonata in G major is not without interest, as emanating from the composer of "*Where the bee sucks*," the music of *Midas*, and, last not least, our incomparable "*Rule Britannia*," might be dispensed with unceremoniously, as having exercised little or no influence on the progress of the pianoforte, theoretically or practically. Handel, whose delicious "*suite*" in F sharp minor, with its masterly fugue, must always be heard with pleasure; John Christian Bach, the least worthy of the "*Bach*" family, whose almost puerile sonata in D might, without loss, be condemned to the musician's *index expurgatorius*; and Woelfl, the excerpt from whose sonata, entitled (Woelfl only knew why) *Le Diable à Quatre*—a rather poor specimen, by the way, of the composer who wrote the magnificent sonata in C minor, to say nothing of the brilliant *Ne Plus Ultra*; being all Germans, were more or less out of place in a programme which might, and indeed should, have been exclusively English. The "*modern*" examples—with one exception (Mr. Litolf's very meagre parody of the Thalbergian pattern, in the shape of a *spintied*)—were remarkably felicitous. These comprised a *saltarella* by Mr. Charles Salaman, full of life and vivacity, an *andante*, entitled *La Placidité*, by Mr. Cipriani Potter (the honoured patriarch of our English classical school, and the educator of some of our foremost players and composers)—a composition no less elegant than masterly; the *Barcarole* from Professor Sterndale Bennett's Fourth Concerto (in F minor), to praise which—all Europe having acknowledged its merit—would be superfluous; and an *allegro scherzando*, not inapily, its extreme grace and beauty taken into consideration, entitled "*Ariel*"—by Mr. Lindsey Sloper. Each and all of these (although Professor Bennett's *Barcarole* was taken decidedly too fast) were rendered by Herr Pauer *con amore*—a well-timed compliment to the country which he has for so many years adopted as his own; each and all were appreciated and applauded with the utmost warmth by the audience; and to one of them—the *Barcarole* of Professor Bennett, was extended the especial distinction of a loud and unanimous "*encore*"—to which the player as a matter of course responded.—*Times*.

The sixth and last concert of the (present) series takes place to-day.

THE HANDEL TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—(Communicated.)—The sale of reserved seat tickets commenced on Monday morning at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall. A large number of applicants were in waiting at the time of opening the doors of the offices, and at some parts of the day from 50 to 100 persons were waiting their turn. As, however, each person received a number on entering the ante-room, no personal inconvenience resulted. The result of the first day's sale exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the Festival Committee, who have been still further pleased by the receipts of the following days, the entire purchases up to Thursday being estimated at 9,000*l*. In 1857 it was the 19th of May ere this amount was reached; in 1859 it was the last day of March; and as at the latter festival over 1,450*l*. of this amount was for half-guinea tickets (the issue of which has not yet commenced), it is obvious that the coming festival has already met with a financial success beyond that of its precursors. A noticeable feature has been the number of clergymen from all parts of the country who have secured tickets. The nobility and resident country gentry have also been more prompt in their applications. This is, doubtless, to be attributed to the International Exhibition; visitors from the country making the time suitable to avail themselves of attending the Exhibition as well as the Festival. As the Festival is also held about the time of the Agricultural Show in Battersea Park, the last ten days in June, an additional inducement is held out to all classes to visit London; as also within the last few days, the leading railway companies have issued notices that their excursion rates begin on the 15th of June, it is anticipated that the last week in June will see a congregation of foreigners and country visitors in the Metropolis exceeding that of any former period. To avoid disappointment and delay the committee have issued notices requesting that country orders may leave the selection of tickets to the committee, who pledge themselves to the distribution of tickets in the order in which the applications are received. The roofing of the orchestra at the Crystal Palace is proceeding rapidly. Competent judges predict that when this enormous cover is placed over the performers, the effect of the music—particularly in the more distant seats—will be enhanced threefold; while the span of the great arch, 216 feet wide (or double the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's cathedral), will have a most imposing effect.

MR. RANSFORD'S CONCERT.—Mr. Ransford's annual invitation to his friends to pay him a visit in his public capacity was, on Thursday evening, responded to by a large concourse gathered in St. James's Hall, as has invariably been the case, for the last—we won't say how many—years. The public do not lose sight of old favourites, and when the once popular basso comes again to remind them of past times,—the times of "I am the Gipsy King, ha! ha!"—they assemble in crowds to give him a "chevey." Though a veteran, however, Mr. Ransford does not yet deem it time to cry "Peccavi" as a singer; and to prove that his lungs and his science are still capable of being turned to good account, sang a new song on Thursday, written for him by Mr. S. Nelson, called "Try again," with a vigour and expression that astonished and gratified the audience, who roared applause in chorons. Miss Ransford, like her father, was content with a single solo, but that was as good as two or more. It was a new "Valse," entitled "Ti Sovvien," composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. Francesco Berger, a very difficult bravura and long, after the manner of "Il Bacio." The fair artist sang it with great brilliancy, in the most exacting and rapid passages always showing the even and charming quality of her voice. The other lady vocalists who created the greatest sensation were Mlle. Parepa (encored in "Il Bacio"), Mad. Guerrabella (encored in "Kathleen Mavourneen," singing, moreover, another English ballad and "Qui la voce," from *Puritani*), and Miss Lascelles, who gave a vigorous reading of "Di tanti Palpiti." Miss Poole, Miss Eyles, Miss Hughes and Mad. Nita Norrie also sang. Mr. Weiss among the gentlemen carried off the lion's share of applause, being encored in two of his own songs. Mr. George Perren, Mr. Winn, Mr. Melchor Winter, Mr. Wallworth, &c., lent their efficient services.

The instrumentalists were Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Richard Blagrove and M. Paque. The fair pianist played Liszt's fantasia on *Rigoletto* and Mr. Benedict's new fantasia on "Cherry Ripe," with so much brilliancy and such unerring precision as to raise the audience to the highest enthusiasm. Miss Goddard was recalled to the platform as a matter of course after each performance. The conductors were Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Francesco Berger and Herr Wilhelm Ganz.

MISS MARTIN'S EVENING CONCERT came off at St. James's Hall on Tuesday last. The attendance, if not numerous, was elegant; and the programme, if not classical and grand, was pleasing and well varied. Miss Martin, if we remember aright, was a pupil of Mr. Hullah's, and was introduced by him to the public some few years back, at the Hall in Long Acre, which bore her name. With the concert-giver on Tuesday night were associated, as singers, Miss Banks, Miss M. Brad-

shaw, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Allan Irving, W. Smith and Mattacks; and as instrumental performers, Miss Fanny Howell (pianoforte), Mr. R. S. Pratten (flute), Mr. W. Watson (violin) and Mr. Aylward (violoncello). Miss Martin sang Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark," displaying her facile, clear voice to eminent advantage, and bringing an undeniable encore; as also a new song, by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, which she gave with commendable expression and taste. The names of the other artists must speak their own praises on this occasion. It is enough to say that the concert was a thoroughly good one, and that the audience were pleased throughout.

Letter to the Editor.

THE TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL, 1862.

SIR,—Will you favour me with space in your journal that I may broach a subject in connection with the forthcoming Festival. It is one in which most of the ladies and gentlemen who are to take part on that occasion are greatly interested.

The published accounts of the Festival of 1859 very positively prove that it was a complete success in every respect. As a musical festival, it elicited the warmest praise, as being of a most unprecedented character, both as regards the vastness of the undertaking, and also the grandeur of the performance; and as a commercial speculation, the Crystal Palace Company and the Sacred Harmonic Society can vouch for its having been in the highest degree satisfactory. The former netted about 12,000*l*., and the latter 6,000*l*., and this, too, after all expenses had been settled for,—including organ, music, &c. This year,—partly on account of the expected influx of visitors into London to see the International Exhibition, and partly in consequence of the greater attractiveness of the next festival—the proceeds may safely be calculated upon to amount to a very much larger sum than was realised in 1859. It is true that the managers have undertaken a very expensive work, in enclosing the roof and sides of the transept, in order to obtain a better acoustic effect; but notwithstanding this great expenditure, it is more than probable—taking into consideration that many of the orchestral requirements are already provided—that the profits of this Festival will exceed those of the Festival of 1859.

My object in writing is this:—(1.) It is my opinion, as I know it is also that of a large portion of the Handel Festival Choir, that the amateurs who rendered their invaluable assistance on the last occasion did not receive a sufficient acknowledgment for their services; and (2.) that the same want of liberality is likely to be exhibited at the forthcoming Festival. What the amateur assistants did receive in 1859 was a friend's admission ticket for the full rehearsal, and a bronze medal; what they are to receive for 1862 can be, of course, but mere conjecture. Now, Sir, when it is considered that the performers are put to a great expense so as to make an appearance befitting the occasion, in addition to the immense inconvenience to which many must be subject, in order to leave their homes and business for four days out of what may be called a week, it certainly is not too much to say, that the managers on the last occasion did not act with much liberality or fairness to the amateurs, who were in no small degree instrumental in conducting to such a triumphant termination of the undertaking. It is therefore to be hoped, that at the next festival their services may be better appreciated, by being more suitably rewarded.

The managers may ask what is it that is expected of them. It would be absurd to expect that *all* in the orchestra should be paid; but I do think, and would suggest, that *each unpaid assistant should have at least for each day's performance a free admission for a friend*. This may seem an unreasonable demand; but I believe that such a liberal distribution of free tickets would cost but little. There is ample room in the building to accommodate all who are likely to go, while of those who might be there by means of the free admission very few probably would go had they to pay for their tickets: so that I contend the building would be only a little more crowded without much loss to the funds. More than this it would not be reasonable to ask, but at least this the assistants have a right to demand.

Should, however, the managers be unwilling to concede what I have suggested, or an equivalent to it, I believe that all who are to be connected with the next Festival are so interested in it that they would sacrifice their feelings on this subject of remuneration rather than not be present and take part in this grandest of musical events. I hope such would be the case. But though there are those who are ever ready to render their best services in an undertaking like this, it is yet manifestly unjust for two large companies to trade on the good nature of ladies and gentlemen without offering something adequate in return. I trust the managers will take into their consideration the suggestion which I think I have not unreasonably made.—Yours, &c.

Feb. 22nd, 1862.

VIOLA.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SEVENTY-EIGHTH CONCERT, on MONDAY
EVENING, March 10th, 1862, Second Appearance of

HERR JOACHIM.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in F minor, No. 11, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello. MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PIATTI (Beethoven). Song, "In a dream—nighted December," Miss POOLE (J. W. Davison). Song, "L'Eloge des larmes," Mr. TENNANT (Schubert). Sonata, in D minor, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Mr. CHARLES HALLE (C. M. von Weber).

PART II.—Sonata, in A, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (repeated by general desire), Signor PIATTI (Boccherini). Song, "The Lady's Wish," Miss POOLE (W. V. Wallace). Song, "The Garland," Mr. TENNANT (Mendelssohn). Sonata, in G, Op. 9, for Pianoforte and Violin (first time this season), Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Herr JOACHIM (Beethoven).

Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

* * * Between the last vocal piece and the Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish before half-past ten o'clock.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.
Tickets to be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; CHAPPELL & Co. 50 New Bond Street, and of the principal Musiciansellers.

N.B. The Programme of every Concert will henceforward include a detailed analysis, with Illustrations in musical type, of the Sonata for Pianoforte alone, at the end of Part I.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS JESSICA RANKIN (*Clopee*).—Mr. Wallace's setting of "When thou and I last parted" is published by Duncan Davison and Co., Regent Street.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TERMS { Two lines and under 2s. 6d.
Every additional 10 words 6d.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

CORPORAL PHIL PURCELL was as gallant a horse soldier as ever flourished sabre, and as downright an Irishman as ever committed blunder. Peace to his manes! he was a Monastereven man! Phil went through the whole of the Peninsular campaign, and, having lost an eye, three fingers and a small portion of his cranium, retired with distinguished laurels from the service on sixpence a day, a beacon of honour and renown, and a shining example of his country's care and munificence. But military campaigns superinduce freedom of expenditure, and the cavalry as a matter of course are more extravagant than foot soldiers.

The allowance presented to Phil by His Most Gracious Majesty, notwithstanding its extreme liberality, proved unequal to satisfy his luxurious desires for meat, drink and tobacco, and the Corporal was compelled to look out for a situation. He became valet to a shooting Major. It was about partridge time, when one day Phil received orders to call his master next morning before sunrise. The instructions were positive—before sunrise. Phil was the very soul of obedience, and carried out his commands to the letter. As it was difficult to call himself so early, he determined not to go to bed at all. He was not the first Irishman who staid up all night to get up early in the morning. Phil took his pipe and his mug, and passed the dark hours by the kitchen fire, sipping, smoking and drawing pleasant pictures in the turf fire. He watched and listened, but never closed his eyes. He was on duty. When Phil thought it was time for the sun to be stirring, he got up, snuffed the candle, took it in his hand, and walked out into the backyard to watch for the first glimmering of the dawn. Phil was no philosopher, or it might have occurred to him that the candle, instead of aiding, prevented him from seeing the day break. Let us not be too satirical on Phil, and let us bear in mind that he was an Irishman, was born in Monastereven, and had left a piece of his head with the enemy.

Phil Purcell, with the candle in his hand, looking out for the morning, may be termed analogous to our own position as shown in our leading article last week, when seeking for some indication of the approaching season we were unable to espy any. Our anxiety, like Phil's light, prevented us from distinguishing the faintest streak of day in the musical horizon. Had we not been over-desirous in the lookout, several luminous flashes, unerring denotements of the season at hand, could not have escaped our investigation. The first concert of the Philharmonic Society—announced to take place on Monday—is invariably the herald that trumpets forth the advent of the musical year; the Musical Society of London follows with its inaugural meeting a few days after, and the New Philharmonic Concerts are not a great way off: all three are advertised, and each gives out promise of an exciting session. Thus far the indications of the season are clear and distinct. We are now entered in reality upon the musical year of 1862, and, if all its prospects do not lie before us, we see enough to betoken activity and splendour. The programme of the Great Handel Festival has been issued, and in a few days we may expect to scan the prospectus of the International Exhibition. Furthermore, we can state upon authority that Drury Lane Theatre has been let for the summer months to the directors of the Royal English Opera, and that it will open with Mr. Vincent Wallace's new opera, which, our readers are aware, was to have been brought out at Covent Garden.* The Italian operas alone tell us nothing. The reports about Her Majesty's Theatre are vague and contradictory. An attempt is being made, as we hear, to form a commonwealth, by whom, or which, the management may be carried on, or, at least, the responsibility undertaken. Of this commonwealth Mlle. Titiens, Signors Giuglini, Belletti and Ciampi are said to form the nucleus. But how about the payment of the exorbitant seven thousand pounds the noble proprietor demands to be paid "down on the nail?" Will his lordship be more merciful to artists than stage managers, and lower his terms?—or, sooner than allow the theatre to be closed during the carnival, will he, as a matter

* Since writing the above, this report has been contradicted. (*Vide* another page.)

of speculation, grant leave to the singers to carry on the government on their own account? The public are deeply interested in the future prospects of the old Opera House; but we fear there is little hope for it while its fortunes hang upon the fitful mood of one who is too wealthy and too regardless of art ever to concern himself greatly about its prosperity. Mr. Gye is still silent, but we hear is busy making preparations for the new season. A few restorations of great magnificence are talked about, one more especially, of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, which is anticipated to realise as grand a success as *Guillaume Tell*.

Thus, it will be seen, our news is less gloomy than last week; and, on the whole, despite what casuists and the lovers of opposition assert, we are inclined to think the approaching season will be eminently brilliant. Let us, at least, anticipate as much, and enjoy beforehand the pleasurable emotions to be derived from bright expectations.

—♦—
To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I desire to draw public attention to a subject of great importance; and, when I state it has reference to a part of the service of the Sanctuary, its importance will be at once admitted. Of late years choral service has become very general in our Churches. Now, for what purpose was it originally introduced? Without question, it was to aid in the worship of God; and when we bear in mind how prone our thoughts are to wander, it must be owned that any thing in any way calculated to help us to concentrate them, and to inspire us with becoming feelings—anything, in short, tending to elevate our hearts, is worthy of general acceptance.

The end aimed at, and the means for securing it, being thus apparent, what ought the singing to be where there are professed choristers?

I answer: Devout, solemn, reverent; singing that influences the listeners. It should be *felt* as well as understood, that it may reach the hearts of the congregation. All the appliances of *Art* should be brought to bear: the voice should be sympathetic; the taste unquestionable; the expression real; the articulation distinct; the vocalisation good; the phrasing even; and the *general tone subdued*. Then, the thoughts, feelings, and affections of the congregation are raised and sublimated; and in proportion as they are so, are the people the more likely to be true worshippers. These remarks have more especial reference to solo singing: the same, however, holds good to a great extent with respect to choral singing.

It will be generally, if not universally admitted, that such singing is likely to secure the end sought after.

Now for the question: Is the singing in our churches of this description? I unhesitatingly answer—No. I have made it my business to go into several where choral service is performed, and probably in your editorial capacity you may have been induced to do the same. I think, therefore, that you can corroborate my statement. There are some churches in London which have stood in high repute on account of the efficient manner in which their choral services were performed. Such repute was not without reason. But of late, it would appear, a great change has taken place, and where there may have been at one time *singing*, there is now nothing but *shouting*. Each man in these choirs, it seems, tries to outdo his neighbour by the strength of his lungs. Of what I have stated to be the essentials of church singing, there is not one. The very words are disregarded, for it is quite beyond the capacity of

an ordinary ear to understand them; and where there is a solo anthem, it is bellowed out in a coarse, harsh, throaty, unsympathetic tone; and the manner, instead of being worthy the sacredness of the building, is, to avoid stronger expressions, careless and indifferent. The result of all this is, the sacred edifice is degraded, and, in lieu of the feelings of the congregation being raised, sentiments of an unhal- lowed nature, such as anger and indignation, are aroused. Singing of this kind, or rather shouting such as this, may suit "Music Halls," where "devilled kidneys" and similar condiments are paramount, but it is altogether unbecoming in the churches of the land. Far be it from me to say that the very same vocalists who thus use their lungs six days in the week are engaged on the seventh where this irreverent and improper style is adopted. Those having the management of these choirs are best able to speak on that point.

Singing has been termed by the Rev. W. W. Cazalet "Musical Oratory." I accept the definition; but the singing I allude to bears to "Musical Oratory" the same relation as subsists between "Pot-house" declamation, and the glowing eloquence of a Derby, a Disraeli, or a Gladstone, which touches our hearts, and makes us feel as do the speakers themselves.

Now where the professional singing in our churches does not accomplish *this*, it fails in its object; and where, on the contrary, it excites feelings which ought not to be aroused—unless something of a higher order can be introduced—the sooner it is abolished the better.

I am, &c.,

March 3rd, 1862.

MUSICUS.

SCHUBERT'S MUSICAL REMAINS.*

ALTHOUGH perfectly well aware that it is but a waste of time—even in the best of times—for me to give a notice in the *Journal of Music* of any fine collection of rare books or manuscripts on sale, even for less than auction prices—knowing well that not a reader, even when no rebellion is drawing upon his resources, will pay the slightest attention to such an announcement as that which I am going to make—still I will make it, on the principle that one should not weary in well doing. Moreover, I will wait a few weeks before making the announcement in England and Paris, so that Boston, New York, &c., may have the first chance.

When Ferdinand Schubert died, two or three years since, he, like all teachers in Austria, necessarily left his family in very straightened circumstances. A mass of MSS. has been put into my hands to dispose of for that family's benefit, among which are several autographs of Franz Schubert. The most important of these are:—

The complete orchestral score of "Alphonso and Estrella," an opera in three acts, begun Oct. 21, 1821, and ended Feb. 27, 1822.

Mass in G, in score, for four voices, small orchestra and organ, with additional instruments by his brother Ferdinand.

An operatic chorus and air, scored for full orchestra. Half a dozen songs.

There is much other music, instrumental and vocal, in the collection by him, but I cannot as yet decide whether it is written out by him, his brother, or a copyist.

Any reasonable offer for the Opera, the Mass, or the

* Addressed to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.

Chorus and Air, would be accepted—no price is fixed. My own choice would be to have them go together in some permanent public library.

Vienna.

A. W. THAYER.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The success of Mr. Benedict's new opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, goes on increasing, rather than diminishing. Miss Louisa Pyne, replaced, on two occasions last week, in the part of Eily O'Connor, by the clever and obliging Miss Thirlwall—who, with the true spirit of an artist, "understudies" the repertory of her superior, so as always to be ready on an emergency—has now definitely resumed the character. A short repose has been of real benefit to the gifted English "prima donna," the pride of our lyric stage, and on Saturday night her voice was as fresh and vigorous as her singing was exquisite. The opera has now been represented twenty-three times. It will run to the end of the season. We believe that nothing has been settled with respect to the contemplated removal, during the forthcoming summer season, of the Royal English Opera to Drury Lane Theatre. It is now said that Mr. Wallace's new work will be brought out at the beginning of next season.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The announcement of an intended series of Promenade concerts, under the name of Juillien, will take the metropolitan public somewhat by surprise. The explanation is, that a son of the late much-respected *maestro* contemplates a renewal of the popular musical performances, he having, it is said, at his command all the resources of a first-rate orchestra. The project for many reasons deserves encouragement and support, which it will doubtless obtain.

MR. MARK LEMON ABOUT LONDON.—The interesting course of readings by Mr. Mark Lemon at the Gallery of Illustration having reached its close, the entertainment will be carried by him into different parts of the country. A round of provincial engagements will, we understand, occupy Mr. Lemon until the 21st of April, when he will again revisit the first scene of his recreative and informing labours.

ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—Mr. Alfred Wigan will occupy the chair at the next Anniversary Festival of this institution, which is fixed to take place on Monday, the 14th April.

MISS WYNDHAM.—This well-known actress was, on Saturday week, married at Kensington Church to Captain Henry Baring, son of Henry Baring, Esq., M.P. for Marlborough.

Mlle. TITIENS is fulfilling a month's engagement at Barcelona.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO are at Turin, where they are engaged at the Opera for two months. They return in May.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first appearance of Mlle. Titiens at the concerts of this institution, with the conjunction of the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* in the programme, crowded Exeter Hall to a degree almost unknown. The two styles exhibited in these very dissimilar works are fully appreciated by the Teutonic songstress; but Rossini is evidently more familiar to her than Mendelssohn. The success, however, of her *début* on the time-honoured platform will, no doubt, induce her to give further attention to the works of Handel and Mendelssohn, wherein she may be assured a solid reputation is to be attained. The facile delivery of the higher phrases in "Praise thou the Lord" (*Lobgesang*) brought Mlle. Titiens at once prominently before the audience, and throughout the work there was no diminution in the strength of voice and clearness of tone, which have been her attributes for some time past. The passage on the words "The night is departing" may be cited as an especial instance of grand and effective delivery, though certainly inferior to that of Mad. Novello. In the *Stabat Mater*, the "Inflammatus" (the high C in which rang out with wonderful power and brightness) was the noteworthy feature as a solo; but the best singing of the evening was in the duet, "Quis est homo?" in which Mad. Sainton was second soprano. Since she first appeared in public as Miss Dolby, we never remember the last-named lady singing with more vigour of style and finished delicacy of expression than on this occasion.

It is seldom we hear two such artists, foreign and English, in a duet; and still more rarely do we find the native singer upholding so successfully the honour of the national school. Mrs. Netherclift (late Miss Fanny Rowland), who was second treble in "I waited for the Lord" (*Lobgesang*), sang her part in a truly excellent manner: perfectly correct in time and tune and with real feeling for the beauty of the music. Mr. Wilbye Cooper undertook the tenor part at a very short notice, and added to his reputation for careful and tasteful singing. Signor Belletti won unanimous good opinion in the "Pro peccatis," and the other bass music of the "Stabat Mater."

The chorus singing was generally first-rate; but the passage in the *Lobgesang*, commencing "Therefore let us cast off the works of darkness," is, we fear, never to go well; nor the "Amen" of the "Stabat Mater," one of the very rare fugues with which Rossini has favoured us. The band played the three orchestral movements of Mendelssohn's work irreproachably. The intense melody of the second movement (in G minor) created a sensation, while the occasional purity of the *Adagio* (so marked *religioso*) was appropriately a unique specimen of instrumental performance.

The programme was repeated yesterday evening, the principal soprano music being sung by Miss Parepa. It was a genuine triumph for her. Her reading of the music of the *Lobgesang* was very spirited and pointed. The "Inflammatus" (*Stabat Mater*) was another success. The duet "Quis est homo?" was again endorsed. Mr. Wilbye Cooper enhanced the impression he created a week since in the "Cujus Animam."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

At the concert on Monday night (the 77th) Herr Joseph Joachim made his first appearance since 1859. When the Monday Popular Concerts were originated (in the spring of that year) the quartet-playing of this distinguished violinist was a never-failing attraction. If at that time it was pronounced, and justly so, "unrivalled," it is difficult to find terms for it now. Herr Joachim is one of those earnest and conscientious artists who, uniting enthusiasm with the severest judgment, never know what it is to stand still, but, aiming at an ideal standard, are continually approaching nearer and nearer to perfection. That he is beyond comparison, in every sense, the most admirable performer on his instrument to whom that country has given birth which reckons the greatest of great masters among her children, must be unanimously admitted. A musical prodigy as a boy,—which those in England who heard him play Beethoven's violin concerto at the Philharmonic Concerts when only thirteen years of age (in 1844) can attest,—he has made such excellent use of his natural gifts, has looked at his art from a point of view so serious, and with so fixed a conviction that it is a thing to be revered, and never for any consideration to be trifled with, that now, as a man, though still young, he holds, by general consent, the very highest place his ambition could, under any circumstances, have urged him to covet. Comparisons may be instituted between other eminent artists, one excelling in this, one in that particular; but Herr Joachim stands apart from the rest, and the advocates, however warm, of his contemporaries would never for an instant think of questioning his supremacy. A thorough proficient in every style, it is, however, as an interpreter of Beethoven that he especially excels—indeed, sets competition at defiance. Nobody in our time has played Beethoven's music like him; and as the two great schools of Paganini and Spohr—the characteristics of which, though the antipodes of each other, are happily and advantageously combined in modern art—have created a class of players equal to the achievement of what before these schools existed would have been deemed impracticable, it is more than probable that no one at any period has expressed Beethoven's thoughts with such irreproachable mastery and skill. That he should, therefore, come forward, after three years' absence, with one of the quartets of "the immeasurably rich musician," was natural and to be expected. To his honour, also be it said, Herr Joachim accepted for the occasion one of those later compositions which, owing to their profound and recondite character, are, even in the present day, least understood, and in consequence, by the majority, least appreciated—the fifteenth quartet (Op. 132), in C sharp minor. He must, at the

same time, have had no little confidence, German as he is, in the English public before whom he was about to appear, and to whose gratification he was about to administer. He possibly remembered that this much under-estimated public had invariably appreciated his own talent, and that, years gone by, even the violin fugues of John Sebastian Bach, under his surprisingly dexterous manipulation, had created an impression not easily forgotten. Whatever the influence, however, his performance last night surpassed everything we have listened to in the shape of quartet-playing at the Monday Popular Concerts or elsewhere. It was intellectual, vigorous, subtle, brilliant, graceful, and instinct with varied and poetical expression. Even the grave fugue with which the quartet begins seemed tuneful and capable of the warmest sentiment. The deliciously melodious and playful *allegro* that follows was of course at once appreciated; the *andante*, perhaps the noblest example in music of the variation form, long and elaborate as it is, and so entirely original as to resemble in no single instance any preceding model, was heard from end to end with breathless interest; the *presto*, a movement in the "scherzo" fashion, capricious, wild, and wayward, yet sparkling and piquant—such, indeed, as one composer only could have imagined, more and more moved the audience; while the *finale*—ushered in so mysteriously by the short *adagio*, every note of which breathes the spirit of Beethoven—was given throughout with the fire and impetuosity indispensable to its appropriate and effective rendering, and roused every hearer to enthusiasm. The applause at the termination of the quartet was so unanimous, hearty, and prolonged that Herr Joachim and his associates were compelled to return to the orchestra. The truth is, that the audience would willingly have listened to the last and most energetic movement of this very abstruse and very wonderful work again, but that the length of the programme rendered it impossible. No praise can be too high for Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Webb, and Signor Piatti (never more emphatically the "Emperor" of his instrument), who, as second violin, viola, and violoncello, took part with Herr Joachim in this singularly fine performance—a performance which made as clear as daylight what has been persistently set down as rugged and obscure, and which, in short, did honour to Beethoven.

After such a quartet, by the side of which no work of similar character could stand a chance, the solo pianoforte sonata of the evening (Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra*—repeated in consequence of its remarkable success at the previous concert) came in as a charming and grateful relief. Miss Arabella Goddard, who played it even better than before, was frequently interrupted by applause in the course of her performance, and at the conclusion of the "Variations," which created an extraordinary sensation, was enthusiastically summoned forward. The same success awaited Dussek's brilliant and spirited Sonata in B flat for pianoforte and violin—one of the most interesting "revivals" at the Monday Popular Concerts. The final *Rondo* (which alone would stamp its composer a musician not less genial than gifted) as usual raised a "furore," and both performers (Miss Goddard and Herr Joachim) were unanimously recalled. The last instrumental piece—Hummel's trio in E flat, Op. 93, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Miss Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti)—was no less favourably received than the one in E which Mr. Hallé introduced with such genuine success some weeks since. Hummel's music is liked better and better at St. James's Hall; and nothing could be found to wind up a concert more cheerfully and pleasantly than one of his admirably written pieces.

The vocalist was Miss Poole, an expressive ballad singer, as all the world knows, whose pure and unaffected style was agreeably manifested in a new song by Mr. Vincent Wallace ("The Lady's Wish"), and a setting (by Mr. J. W. Davison) of the beautiful verses of Keats, beginning "In a drear-nighted December." Mr. Benedict was, as usual, the accompanist.

At the next concert Herr Joachim is to lead Beethoven's 11th quartet (in F minor), and play, with Mr. Hallé, one of the same composer's sonatas for pianoforte and violin.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Saturday Concerts have now commenced in earnest, and are carried on with even more than usual spirit under the active

and able direction of Mr. Augustus Manns. Mr. Manns sees that there are other elements of attraction besides excellence—novelty, to wit, which he endeavours to turn to the best account. The programmes in general contain some one work which is either introduced for the first time at the Crystal Palace Concerts, or has been played once or twice previously, and is little known elsewhere. On Saturday week Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, and Schumann's Overture to the *Brides of Messina*, were given. The band also accompanied M. Sainton in his own violin concerto, a work not only indicating a thorough master of the resources of the instrument, but an intelligent musician to boot. M. Sainton played splendidly, and was loudly and unanimously applauded. The eminent French violinist also gave his own Scotch *fantasia*, a brilliant affair brilliantly executed and warmly appreciated, and all the more interesting from being accompanied on the pianoforte by his accomplished lady. The vocalists were Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Emma Charlier. It was the first appearance of the last-named young lady, who sang the ballad, "The Forsaken," and Mr. Wallace's "Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer," but so nervously as to preclude us passing an opinion. That the voice is of good quality is all we can at present say. Mad. Sainton-Dolby gave the "Evening Prayer" from Mr. Costa's *Eli*, with quiet and devotional fervour, and by her excellent performance pleased universally. In Mr. Henry Smart's ballad, "The Lady of the Lea," she obtained an irresistible encore.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, which combined the nipping cold of winter with the rude blasts of the March wind, the music-room was well filled at the second concert, on Saturday last, and the performances went off with considerable spirit. The symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor, and its execution was literally everything that could be desired. The *adagio* was perfectly played, the passages for the wind instruments being as harmoniously blended as though the sounds were produced by one performer on an instrument capable of representing the combination. This is the result of the constant playing of the same executants under the same conductor. The only overture was Cherubini's *Les Abencerrages*, which concluded the concert. Moscheles' *fantasia*, *Recollections of Ireland*, was so well played by Miss Fanny Howell, a pianist of great promise, who made her *début* at one of Mr. Hullah's concerts at St. Martin's Hall, three or four years ago, that the young lady was recalled to the platform and applauded very heartily. The vocalists were:—Mad. Guerrabella and Mlle. Georgi. Mad. Guerrabella gave a brilliant version of "Ernani, involami," and was encored, though she declined the repetition of the *caballetta*. She also gave much satisfaction in the well-known ballad "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mlle. Georgi was favourably received in "O mio Fernando," and Horn's "The deep, deep sea."

At the next concert (this day) Miss Arabella Goddard will perform. "According to the way the announcement of this fact is printed," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "it would appear that she is to play Méhul's symphony in G minor, for the first time in England." It would assuredly be the first time that Miss Goddard has played it in this or any other country. We take it that Miss Goddard is to perform (piece not specified), and that Méhul's symphony is to be done by the band.

MALTA.—On Saturday Mlle. Anna Bazzuri took her benefit, which, perhaps, owing to the unfavourable weather, was not quite so gay as the benefit of a *prima donna* generally is in our theatre. Of the first part of the entertainment, the first act of the *Troatore*, we need make no mention; the second piece, the song of Don Checco, by Sig. Conti, was encored; the third, a waltz without words, was very tastefully sung by Mlle. Bazzuri, and loudly encored, and both she and the composer, Sig. Genesio Monreal, were called before the curtain to receive the felicitations of the audience. The third act of the *Traviata*, which followed, was most expressively sung and acted by the *prima donna*, and at its conclusion, she and Sigs. Gambetti and Sterbini were called before the curtain and enthusiastically applauded. A *trio*, also composed by Sig. Monreal, concluded the entertainment, and the artists who executed it, were, with the composer, once more called out to receive the applause of the public. We have not heard the results of the performance, as regards the advantage of Mlle. Bazzuri, but we fear that they were not equal to her merits.—*Malta Times*, Feb. 20.

Provincial.

Mr. Hallé's concerts in the Free Trade Hall have worthily concluded with a performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. Of this the *Guardian* says:—

"The principal singers were Mlle. Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Thomas, Mr. Henry Walker occupying the responsible post of organist. As *St. Paul* consists for the most part of choruses and narrative recitatives, the airs, duets, and concerted pieces being, as in Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, comparatively unimportant, it does not afford so much room for the display of individual talent as the *Messiah* and *Elijah*. All was done, however, that could be done. Mlle. Parepa sang the recitatives allotted to the soprano with great breadth, power, and purity, and did ample justice to 'Jerusalem! Jerusalem!' Mr. Cooper sang admirably throughout, as well in the recitatives as in the airs and duets with Mr. Thomas; and Miss Palmer displayed her fine taste and feeling in the music allotted to the contralto. 'But the Lord is mindful of his own' was sung most chastely and expressively. In 'Consume them all, Lord Sabaoth,' Mr. Thomas was perhaps less effective than in 'O God! have mercy upon me,' and in 'I praise thee, O Lord, my God.' The choruses were all executed in a praiseworthy manner, especially considering that the singers cannot have had the same amount of experience of *St. Paul* as of *Elijah* and the well-known works of Handel.

"In concluding our notices of these truly magnificent concerts, Mr. Hallé may be congratulated upon the success that has attended them—a success due alike to the indefatigable perseverance and *savoir faire* he has displayed in getting them up, the high character of the music performed, the splendid orchestral band brought together and perfected under his auspices, his own fine pianoforte performances, and the high character of the artists, vocal and instrumental, that have been engaged. It may also be added that the most perfect faith has been kept with the public, the original programme of the series having been carried out to the letter, as the following retrospective glance will show. Beginning with the orchestral performances, and these, notwithstanding the excellency of the vocal element, have, along with the pianoforte performances, constituted the real strength of the concerts, nine grand symphonies have been performed, viz.: Beethoven's *Pastoral* (twice), the C minor and the eight; Mozart's in C major, G minor, and E flat; Mendelssohn's *Scotch* and *Italian*, and Haydn's *Surprise*, in addition to several selections from symphonies which need not be enumerated. Then a large collection of overtures, comprising twelve that may be termed classical, viz.: *Der Freischütz*, *Guillaume Tell* (twice), *Euryanthe*, *Oberon* (twice), *Leonora*, *Ruy Blas*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Jessonda*, *Anacreon*, *Figaro*, *La Chasse du jeune Henri*, and *Les Abencerrages*; six of the modern Italian, viz.: *Semiramide*, *Olympia* (twice), *Il Barbiere*, *Otello*, *Siege of Corinth*, and *Fernand Cortes*; eight French, viz.: *Fra Diavolo* (twice), *Zanetta* (twice), *The Syren*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Zampa* (twice), *Le Lac des Fées*, *Le Dieu et la Bayadère* and *Masaniello*, to which must be added *Tannhäuser*, which must be classed by itself. In addition to these Mendelssohn's beautiful music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has been introduced, and many smaller orchestral arrangements that need not be enumerated. Following the band performances, the following instrumental concerted pieces may be mentioned:—Beethoven's quintet for piano and wind instruments, Mozart's *Overture* for wind instruments alone, and a selection from Hummel's Septet. The pianoforte performances of Mr. Hallé have been numerous and of a high character, viz. Weber's *Concertstück*, Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, Beethoven's in E flat and C minor, also his Choral Fantasia, Mozart's sonata for two pianos (twice) and one for piano and violin. Besides these, numerous small pianoforte solos have been introduced, drawn from the works of Mendelssohn, Schubert, Weber, Chopin, Heller, Thalberg, Liszt, Bach, and Scarlatti. The other instrumental soloists have been M. Lavigne (oboe), Lazarus (clarinet), Piatti (violin), Blagrove (violin), Vieuxtemps (violin), De Jong (flute), Miss Arabella Goddard (piano), Otto Goldschmidt (piano), and Herr Heller (piano). Coming to the vocal element of the concert, three complete oratorios have been given, viz.:—*Judas Maccabæus*, *The Messiah*, and *St. Paul*, in addition to one miscellaneous choral concert, and one introducing Mr. Henry Leslie's celebrated choir. Gluck's opera with full chorus has been twice recited, and Weber's *Der Freischütz* once, and for these, and for the concerts generally, the very best vocal artists of the day have been engaged, as the following names show, viz.:—Mad. Lind Goldschmidt, Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Sherington, Mlle. Titieni, Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mrs. Sunderland, Mad. Guerrabella, Miss Armstrong, Mlle. Cosselli, Mlle.

Agnes Bury, Miss Palmer, Miss Banks, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Belletti, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Thomas. From this retrospective glance it is easy to see that such concerts, besides conferring a great deal of rational and pure enjoyment, must have the effect of raising public taste, and of acting upon the moral character through the refining influences of good music. Great stress was justly laid upon the refining influences of art, when, in 1857, the Art Treasure's Exhibition was opened with its countless artistic treasures, and its beautiful and truthful motto, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;' but musical art is more powerful for good than even painting, and contains, also, its countless treasures, waiting only fitting means and appliances to be brought to light. Mr. Hallé, whose fine taste would lead him instinctively to what is good, even if his knowledge and experience as a musician were less than they are, has done much, and is, we venture to hope, destined to do more."

We read the subjoined in *The Aberdeen Journal*:—

"At the ordinary meeting of the Aberdeen Choral Union, Mr. Latter, the conductor, was some time since presented, on behalf of the members, with an elegant gold hunting watch, in testimony, as the inscription bore, of their high esteem. Mr. Valentine, Chairman, in making the presentation, paid a deserved compliment to Mr. Latter's very high professional abilities, and also his gentlemanly personal qualities, which have made him so popular. Mr. Latter, in happy terms, expressed the high value which he placed on the gift now presented to him; stating that he felt it to be a pride and a pleasure to occupy the position of conductor of such a body as the Choral Union, in whose prosperity he felt the deepest interest. There was a full attendance at the meeting, and the proceedings altogether were of a very hearty and gratifying character."

The *Manchester Examiner and Times* has the subjoined:—

"Saturday being St. David's Day, a concert of Welsh melodies was given in the Free-trade Hall Assembly Room, under the auspices of the Cambrian Literary Society. The red dragon of Wales, with the ancient motto *Y ddraig goch a ddry gyhewyn* (the red dragon leads the van), adorned the wall behind the platform; and the royal arms, supported by national flags, were displayed at the other end of the room. The principal features of the concert were the pianoforte performances of Mr. Brinley Richards, whose brilliant arrangements of popular melodies are in every musical portfolio, and the harp performances of Mr. John Thomas. Mr. Richard's playing is like his arrangements, clear, brilliant, and powerful. The mastery of the harp displayed by Mr. Thomas created quite an enthusiasm, and he was repeatedly encored. Indeed, encores seemed to be the rule of the evening, for there were no fewer than eight. The vocalists were Miss Kate Wynne, a promising young lady, whose fresh, sweet voice was heard to effect in several of the expressive melodies of her country; and a little lady whose *début* should have been postponed for some years, but whose father (known among the bards as Llew Llwyvo of Denbigh) sang in capital style a number of patriotic songs. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the entertainment was the musical curiosity peculiar to Wales, called 'penillion' singing. In this Llew Llwyvo and Idris Vychan (Mr. John Jones, of Manchester) sang alternate stanzas; and the art was for singing and harper, the former of whom is supposed to be improvising the words, to stop at the same moment. Mr. H. V. Lewis, of Liverpool, accompanied the songs on the piano. The concert concluded with the National Anthem."

A CONCERT was given on Wednesday evening, the 26th ult., at St. James's Hall, on behalf of the Hartley Colliery Fund. It was a veritable monster entertainment, but did not prove eminently attractive notwithstanding. The singers, players and items of the programme were so numerous as to preclude the possibility of our doing more than mentioning a few of the most prominent performances. Among the vocalists Mad. Florence Lancia was especially noticeable for her fine expressive rendering of the scena "Softly sighs" from *Der Freischütz*; Miss Stabbach for her admirable singing in a new song, entitled "The mourning bride;" Mlle. Georgi for her agreeable voice and the commendable method exhibited in the scena "O Mio Fernando" from the *Favorita*; Miss Robertine Henderson, for her clear voice and pure expression in Herr Pauer's "Gondoliera;" and the sisters Alessandri, for their compact ensemble singing in Gabussi's duetto "La Zingara." Rossini's Grand Coro "La Carita," by all the female singers, did not go so well as a few rehearsals might have made it. The special instrumental feature was a grand quartet for four performers, on two pianofortes, the composition of Herr Ascher, executed by Messrs. Harold Thomas and Ernest Pauer, Lindsay Sloper and Wilhelm Ganz.

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SONG—It is a charming girl I love. (Myles). In B flat and in A - - - - -	2	6
SONG—In my wild mountain valley. (Eily). In D minor and in C minor - - - - -	2	6
SONG, with CHORUS, <i>ad lib.</i> —The Cruiskeen Lawn - - - - -	2	6

ACT II.

CHORUS—The Hunting Chorus - - - - -	3	6
AIR and DUET—The eye of love is keen. (Ann Chute and Hardress) - - - - -	4	0
SCENA—A lowly peasant girl. (Danny Mann) - - - - -	3	6
ROMANCE (separately)—The Colleen Bawn. (Danny Mann) - - - - -	2	6
BALLAD—I'm alone. (Eily). In E flat and in C - - - - -	2	6
DUET—I give the best advice. (Eily and Myles) - - - - -	4	0

ACT III.

SONG—The Lullaby. (Myles). In A and in F - - - - -	2	6
TRIO—Blessings on that rev'rend head. (Eily, Myles and Father Tom.) In D and in D flat - - - - -	3	0
DUET—Let the mystic orange flowers. (For two equal voices) - - - - -	2	6
BALLAD—Eily Mavourneen. (Hardress). In F and in D - - - - -	2	6
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" " "I'm alone" - - - - -	3	0
" " "It is a charming girl I love" - - - - -	3	0
" " "The Cruiskeen Lawn" - - - - -	3	0
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3. "It is a charming girl I love" - - - - -	1	0
4. "Eily Mavourneen" - - - - -	1	0
5. "I'm alone" - - - - -	1	0
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